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~ ~ ~ IDYLS OF FREEDOM ~ ~ ~



ABELLA GREENE

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









# IDYLS OF FREEDOM

BY

AELLA GREENE

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# IDYLS OF FREEDOM

I.



## IDYLS OF FREEDOM.

O STARS, what history  
It has been yours to see

Enacted here since man,  
Crown of creation's plan,  
His wanderings began—  
Since to his pristine joy  
He added an alloy  
That forth a rover sent  
Him, fired with discontent.  
Say since, with Eden lost,  
The fateful bounds he crossed,  
How dear his straying cost !  
Still, while in wretched plight,  
He was not hopeless quite,  
Nor rayless was his night.

Stars that have kindly shone  
On paths his feet have gone—  
Than downward, let us hope,  
Onward more, and up—

Aid still his wish and quest  
For truth, and peace and rest.  
Still from the blue above  
Shine where he wars to prove  
His patriotic love,  
And, dying, asks you tell  
The ages that he fell  
To foil the tyrant's hand  
And bless his native land.  
And tell, as tell ye must,  
O stars, for stars are just,  
From what great sacrifice  
All others do arise.  
Tell what, foreseen, inspired,  
And what accomplished, fired,  
The patriot heart to live  
For liberty and give  
His life to make men free.  
And aid them that they see  
That highest liberty  
Gives equal weight of care,  
Gives unto each his share  
Of burdens all must bear—

That liberty, if boon,  
Used wrongly, cometh soon  
To license, that is not  
True liberty, but blot  
On the historic page,  
A hindrance to the age.

This life, this sacrifice,  
O stars, from which arise  
The heavenly blessings given  
And hope of more in heav'n—  
This life of hope for man,  
Ye saw as it began.  
Ye saw its teeming day,  
O stars, and sunset ray,  
And deathly chill of night,  
And hint at last of light.  
Ye saw the glorious morn  
Of grace and peace adorn  
The mountain heights of time  
And shine to every clime,  
To make all life sublime !

A star 'twas guided them  
Who fared to Bethlehem ;  
And at cerulean poise  
It sentineled their joys,  
As o'er the Saviour born,  
Rejoicing till the morn,  
They mused on what should be  
His wondrous history.  
Stars gave the warning dream  
Of Herod's hellish scheme  
And guided, then, the flight  
To Egypt through the night.  
And o'er the child returned  
The stars in gladness burned.

The stars rejoiced the boy  
And study gave and joy,  
As through the years he grew  
To all the ages knew—  
Till wondering sages gazed  
Adoring and amazed.



Stars cheered the Christ who prayed  
In lonely mountain glade  
And sang their joy to see  
The helpful ministry  
Of Him of Galilee.  
And when His followers slept  
Ye stars in pity wept,  
And, weeping, wondered ye  
At the sublimity  
Of sad Gethsemane.  
And when at Calvary  
The sun refused to shine  
Your stellar beams were sign  
That Christ the slain should rise,  
Completed sacrifice,  
Triumphant to the skies !

Ye stars that wondering saw  
His answer to the law  
Who for the sinful died  
And poured the precious tide  
Of His great life, to give

The sinful chance to live,—  
Ye stars who heard the word  
Sublimest ever heard  
That Jesus at His death  
Spoke with His dying breath,  
To say the work was done,  
The victory was won—  
From that sublimity,  
That matchless agony,  
All greatness doth proceed.  
Thence every noble deed,  
Thence all unselfishness,  
Thence every pulse to bless  
That helps the patriot die,  
Without the question why,  
For home and liberty.

## AMERICA.

ON days and deeds sublime  
That gem this western clime,  
O stars of Freedom, shine,  
And shed your beams benign  
Where Concord bridge was won,  
And rustic Lexington —  
And Bunker Hill declared,  
And Bennington, how fared  
The foes of liberty  
Who warred against the free.

Shine where the great and good  
With high solicitude,  
In meekness knelt to pray  
To Heaven to drive away  
The foreign foes and give  
The country chance to live.  
How humble and how great,  
How fit to found a state,

Was he who knelt that day,  
At Valley Forge, to pray.  
And may his land remain  
The place of all good gain  
And Freedom's own domain,  
The home and resting place  
Of bravery and of grace,  
Of greatness and all worth—  
The paradise of earth !

Though truth the charm will break,  
Still best the truth to speak.  
Here, where 'twas general boast  
That this was Freedom's coast,  
Were human beings chained,  
While selfishness explained  
That slavery was right.  
And those who saw the plight  
That Liberty was in  
By league with such a sin  
And dared rebuke the wrong,  
That still was growing strong

While grew the nation weak  
To danger that 'twould break,  
Were stigmatized as fools  
Beyond discretion's rules.  
But in these later days  
The scoffers dare the praise  
That radicals were wise  
And fit to canonize  
For the sublimest skies !

How cursed this sin the land  
We came to understand  
When Donelson was need  
And Fredericksburg, and greed  
Of rough-hewn havoc made  
On Sherman's master raid  
Of horse and infantry  
From inland to the sea !  
And need to prove our liege  
To liberty was siege  
Of Vicksburg and the shock  
Of "Chickamauga's Rock,"

Grim Thomas of the build  
To name for Caesar's guild.  
So Grierson's reckless dash,  
Discreet in that 'twas rash ;  
And Farragut in the shrouds  
And Hooker in the clouds,  
And Ellsworth first to die,  
And gallant Lyon—why  
So early sent to heaven !  
And why McPherson given  
And thousands, thousands more !  
How runneth up the score,  
Through scenes of din and gore,  
To Gettysburg, sublime  
Through all the years of time !

What tongue can tell, what pen,  
The fate of prisoned men  
Who, doomed to the mill  
Of Andersonville,  
Learned the tortures that spell  
A new name for hell !

And who can count their tears  
And warring hopes and fears,  
Who mourned their loved ones there,  
Or slain in conflict, where,  
Though glorious thus to fall  
For country and for all  
That's dear, and true, and high,  
'Tis fearful, still to die !  
And hard was it to know  
That, with the slaughter, slow  
Moved the cause of right  
And darkened down the night  
Of doubt, with scarce a ray  
To hint of coming day.  
But rose a lustrous star  
When he led on the war  
Whose calm, courageous way  
Of hero in affray,  
Assured, at once, a morn  
And was the sign to warn  
The foemen of defeat  
Their cause was sure to meet.

Now once and three times three,  
At Appomattox tree,  
Give everyone to all  
Who heeded Freedom's call  
And marched with Grant, to hew  
The hard-fought journey through  
The Wilderness, to see  
The dawn of victory.

But who shall sing to tell  
Their deeds who fought and fell  
In all the hard campaigns,  
Who equal epic strains  
For those whose crimson stains  
Full thrice a hundred plains  
And reddens bloody years,  
Which make them high compeers  
Of all the brave that time  
Hath given to wreath and rhyme !

Let gratitude be given  
In joyful song to Heaven ;



Aye, shout and sing again,  
Good citizens, that when  
The nation was in dole  
A man of prophet soul  
Was sent to meet our need.  
A man inspired to read  
The meaning of the times  
The country for its crimes  
Was going through,—a man  
With genius fit to plan  
And brave enough to act,  
He made his vision fact,  
Wielding the nation's might  
For mercy and the right,  
And breaking, at a stroke,  
The bondman's galling yoke.

Good stars, your radiance shed  
On paths where Lincoln led  
Through all those years of strife  
Up to the higher life  
Of Freedom and of peace

And all the good increase  
That makes these states combined  
The envy of mankind !

---

IN OTHER LANDS.

GOOD stars, what prophet ken  
Had Aztec Juarez when,  
For liberty he fought  
Against the foe who sought  
To bind with Spanish chain  
The Mexican in train  
Of papal Rome, to slave  
Subservient where the brave  
Descendants of the sun  
Their long career had run,  
Free as the airs that fanned  
Their lovely native land.  
Well ye rejoiced to see,  
Where foreign tyranny  
Had reigned, superior rise,

To crown the high emprise  
Of Juarez with success  
And so mankind to bless,  
The fair republic bright  
With promise for the right  
Of patriots everywhere.  
For each hath right to share  
Each country of the free,  
Wherever dwelleth he.

Still Juarez only did  
As high examples bid—  
Through thirty years of blood,  
When that brave Swede withstood  
The papal powers combined,  
Who sought on all mankind  
To place the Latin yoke—  
Gustavus brave, who broke  
The bondage long and sore  
For northmen evermore.  
He drove the power of Rome  
From church, and court, and home,

Wherein the people sing,  
To crown Gustavus king !  
And cadence of the song  
The southland doth prolong,  
Where well Emanuel strove  
And Garibaldi's love  
Was given for Italy,  
Mankind and liberty.

And Magyars, whose Kossuth  
For country and for truth  
Was sacrifice, may raise  
To favoring Heaven their praise  
For his grand life, and twine  
The wreath and pray the Nine  
To sing to full import  
That high in Austrian court  
The Magyars reign, whom erst  
The tyrant Austrians cursed !

How bright the stars that look  
On Scotland's famous brook

And bid the ages learn  
That Bruce of Bannockburn  
Was Caledonia's pride !  
Shine where her sons defied,  
At Flodden field, the foe  
That laid her banner low,  
Yet in defeat were strong  
To height of grandest song.  
Beam kind on every glen  
Known to his foot and ken,  
That kingliest of men,  
The Wallace of the Eld,  
Whom, then, ye stars beheld  
And sang him worthy praise  
Of all the future days.

Shine, stars, with beams benign  
On scene of deeds divine,  
Where Winkelried the brave,  
His Switzerland to save,  
Threw on the Austrian steel  
His mighty rage of zeal

And struck in death the blow  
To break the serried foe.  
His followers raining blows  
Where grand his courage rose,  
Thus turned the tide and day  
Against the cruel fray  
Of those who sought t' enslave  
The Switzer patriots brave,  
Whom God's own mountains gave  
That love of liberty  
That fits men to be free.

And evermore shall ye,  
Bright stars of liberty,  
Rejoice to shine upon  
The field where Cromwell won,  
At Marston Moor, the day  
And stemmed the tyrant's sway,  
Till full at Naseby, then,  
Where royal Charles again  
Marshaled his hosts, the band  
Of patriots dared withstand

The legions of the king.  
And all the years shall sing,  
To let the future know  
They routed him to show  
That foreign he and foe,  
Though native born, if he  
Love not true liberty.

---

## TRUTH MAKES FREE.

AS truth alone makes free,  
Who country loves must see  
The truth and love the truth  
As ardently as youth  
The maiden from whose heart  
Not even death can part.  
Truth-founded love gives rate,  
The citizen's estate,  
A country and a place,  
Fraternity and race.  
Alien to truth, a man

Nor country hath, nor clan,  
Though castled well and crowned  
With choicest treasures found  
In late or olden times  
Through west or Orient climes.  
Aye, foreign he, and poor,  
And sick, though mount and moor  
Afford their gold for wealth  
And myrrhs to bless his health.  
Not loving truth, then he  
Shall poor and homeless be,  
Though heraldry declare  
That ancient lineage rare  
Makes him the rightful heir  
To every land and throne,  
And though the people own  
The purple of his power,  
Rejoicing in his dower  
And seeking bards to sing  
Him bishop, lord and king.  
But harps must not descend,  
For song hath upward trend ;  
So who but hymns for pay



Sings but a meagre lay.  
And rhyme they e'er so well,  
The bards who seek to tell  
An untruth in a song  
And sing success of wrong,  
Some Cræsus toast for wealth  
That came alone by stealth,  
And hymn the tyrant's power  
As given by heavenly dower,  
And cunning as divine  
Whose skill hath ends malign,  
Will find, though flamed to blaze  
That gleams of gala days,  
They fail to reach the lays  
That live in honor's praise.  
Then, faltering down to phrase  
Whose labored lines confess  
They sing from selfishness,  
They'll rave to furious stress  
Of prayer to Power to bless,  
When Truth alone gives theme  
Befitting poet's dream.

This truth, ye stars above,  
That all the ages prove—  
The true alone can love  
Their country or a mate.  
No love, Hymen a fate,  
Fit messenger of hate !  
This truth, bright stars above,  
No truth, there is no love.  
No truth, the gold shall rust,  
To teach the truth it must—  
No truth, then love is lust,  
And love of country, show  
Which all true patriots know  
As subterfuge and sham  
That would to meanness damn,  
Beyond redeeming grace,  
A country and a race.

Yet strange contrasts arise,  
Some royal mysteries—  
A king to virtue known,  
Yet who could make his throne

By tricks that must belong  
The hellish arts among,  
The anchor of a wrong,  
That should have scourge of song,  
The very rage of rhyme,  
To blast to future time !

The Charles whom Cromwell fought,  
True in his home, was naught  
But false to native land.  
Though promising, his hand  
Withheld the needed good  
He pledged to those who stood  
For liberty and right.  
For these did Cromwell fight ;  
For these he overthrew  
The Stuart king and slew  
The false one of the throne.  
And by the act was shown,  
In England evermore—  
A truth the wide world o'er,  
And as the sunlight plain—

The right of kings to reign,  
Original in heaven,  
Is to the governed given,  
By them to be transferred  
In their installing word  
To those their love shall say  
The kingly traits display.

Would Cromwell had remained,  
Preventing crime that stained  
Bright Albion's sovran name,  
By other Charles who came,  
The Charles who ever wrought  
Injustice and who thought  
Of self alone and sought  
Delight in splendid sin  
And seemed possessed to win,  
By elegance of shame,  
An ever florid fame  
Unto his royal name !

# IDYLS OF FREEDOM

## II.



## ARRAIGNMENT OF RUSSIA.

I F ill the theme befits  
    To sing of Austerlitz :  
If vain to weep awhile  
By lone Helena's isle :  
If cold, to some, such theme  
For patriotic dream,  
In that the Corsican  
Fought not for fellow man,  
But strove alone for fame  
For his imperial name—  
O would some one as rod  
Of an avenging God  
Arise, who, sent by wrath  
Of Heaven, should cleave a path  
Through Tyranny's domains  
To far Siberia's plains,  
And break the prison bars  
Of victims of the czars !

Sarmatia blotted out  
By Russian robber rout !  
Her patriots under ban  
At whim of Tartar clan !  
'Twere just and holy cause  
To give the robbers pause  
And wrest from their hard hand  
That fair despoiled land.  
Though bearing Tartar brand  
Of master on his slave  
Which Russian monster gave,  
She shows distinctly, still,  
Despite his iron will,  
The rare sweet quality  
Of fitness to be free.

The cause demands a man  
Serener, grander than  
The dreaded Corsican ?  
May one with like strong hand  
And genius to command  
Arise, some leader born



Under the star of morn,  
Some one whose shining worth  
Shall win the best of earth  
To highest hope and prayer  
For Heaven's especial care,  
And win good gallant men  
To join his flag, whose ken  
At once, from far, can see  
The day of victory—  
The men with might to win  
The boon their faith hath seen.

O chieftain of the skies  
And Freedom's cause, arise !  
And panoplied for wars,  
Go guided by the stars  
That favoring shone  
Above Napoleon,  
In that sublime advance  
From his admiring France  
That made the Russias quake  
And all the kingdoms shake.

Stars they to aid to see  
The way to victory,  
Stars that would lustrous burn  
To light the grand return  
Of victors from the fray  
Where justice won the day.

Not so the march when Ney  
Fared on the frozen way,  
To cheer his leader back  
Along the winter track  
With remnant of his host,  
To mourn the prize they lost,  
A city burned to ban  
The coming Corsican.  
Him Russia dared not fight,  
But put to sorry plight  
By burning roof and bread  
That should have housed and fed  
The host, who froze or starved  
By thousands ere they carved,  
With Bonaparte and Ney,  
To France their pilgrim way.

But those of right engaged  
In righteous warring, waged  
To break the dungeon bars  
Of prisoned worth, ye stars  
Would good birds send to feed  
Unto their fullest need  
With manna of the heaven  
That bread hath ever given  
To those who well have striven  
Through hard or favored fight  
In furtherance of right.

If Moscow burned again  
'Twould light the prisoned men  
From durance hard to flee  
To hope and liberty,  
The men whose dungeon bars  
Are legacy of czars,  
Kings whose oppression is  
Acme of tyrannies !  
Sending those away  
In bondage sore to stay

Whose glances have told,  
Or a breath over bold,  
That the fancies they hold  
Slight hindrances are  
To the wish of a czar !  
Dooming to banishment  
For the mildest intent  
Of the patriot heart !  
O tyrant, what art  
Of the demons is thine !  
What spirit malign  
That breathes from the hell  
Where the worst furies dwell !  
Strange that the czar should ban  
Those whom but easy plan  
Of right would lead to own  
Allegiance to his throne  
And give their life to prove  
Their loyalty of love  
And interest in the fame  
Of Alexander's name.

Instead, while nations weep,  
These Tartar tyrants keep  
The victims of their hate  
In worse than hellish fate,  
Chained down in prison long,  
Guarded by legions strong,  
While lordly laugh at cries  
That move the pitying skies  
Rings through the palaces  
Rank with festivities,  
Where hireling wit doth sneer  
And trembling peasants fear.

Read not the story through,  
Read not of Finn and Jew.  
Read but the lines that tell  
How fiercely fought and well  
The Polish brave who fell  
When Kosciusco gave  
Herculean blows to save  
Their country from the grave  
The Tartar tyrant's might  
Had dug for truth and right !

Yet failed Sarmatia, then ;  
And her heroic men,  
Whose patriotic worth  
Had brightened all the earth,  
Were doomed to martyr's pains  
Or, graced with heavy chains,  
Were named a felon band  
And sent to foreign strand.  
There they were given brand  
To speak a meaner rate  
Than marked the murderer's fate,  
Whose hands the blood had spilt  
Of parricidal guilt.

Read not the story through,  
One page alone will do !  
One page alone of dread,  
One page with terror red,  
One page of hot tears shed,  
One page of that despair,  
Which fades the eye and hair,  
Saps e'en the power to cry,  
Gives a hot thirst to die,

Kills the smile on the face,  
Blots the last look of grace,  
Blots the last mental trace,  
Stills the hand from device,  
Chills the blood into ice,  
And the nerves into bone,  
And the heart into stone !

O what chieftain would dare  
In the lists with despair !  
O dead and worse than dead  
The heart whence hope has fled !  
And yet, though dead, how quick  
That heart at the tick  
Of the seconds of time  
And the pulsing of rhyme  
Of the song that keeps tune  
With the cadence of June !  
Despairing and dead,  
Yet trembling with dread  
At the tenderest song  
That is wafted along

By the zephyrs of morn  
Over clover and corn,  
Or when silver stars stream  
That so floats with their gleam  
That silence is heard  
O'er the clearest sweet word  
That friendship can give  
To wake one to live !  
There's never a heart  
That's alive to all art  
And is beating in chime  
With nature's sweet rhyme,  
But if conquered by fear  
Would shudder to hear  
Even music of waves  
Of the streamlet that laves  
The myrtle banks sweet  
Where the fairy ones meet,  
In elfin land grove,  
To warble of love.  
Aye, held by despair,  
No victim could bear  
Breath from elfin land, where



But a breath of the air  
Of the earth would displace  
The planets that trace  
Round the elfin land sun  
The courses they run.

What then is the fate  
Of the victims of hate  
Of the despot who reigns  
O'er the Russian domains  
And his victims doth cast  
To the Borean blast  
Of the bleak northern plains,  
Or doometh to chains  
Of Saghalin, or wills  
That in Caucasus hills  
They shall dig till they die,  
And dishonored shall lie  
In a far away grave  
Too mean for a slave !

Despair that anywhere  
Is worst of woes that are,

How thrice 'tis very hell  
In a Siberian cell,  
Or in Siberian mines  
Where hope never shines,  
Where song is never heard,  
Where friendship's kind word  
Would seem but a dream,  
But a swamp-like gleam—  
A phosphorus ray,  
To hint of a day  
That never could come  
To a castaway's gloom !

Yet, patriots, sad till song  
Doth tantalize, ere long  
The skies shall make you strong  
Unto successful war  
Against the despot czar.  
And fates shall seize his scourge  
And time for him a dirge  
Of punishment as sore  
As that he had in store

For patriotic hearts  
That long had known his arts.

O Heaven, whose lurid star  
Maddens to might and war !  
When thou shalt undertake  
The Russian yoke to break,  
Say, Heaven of justice, say,  
What blood can ever pay  
The wrong to Poland done  
By those whose ravage won  
By Vistula's fair tide,  
That, often crimson-dyed  
From noblest patriot slain,  
Goes moaning to the main !

Ye thrice ten thousand dead,  
Whose blood the Cossacks shed  
In homes of Praga fair,  
How eloquent your prayer  
Throughout the saddened years  
Of agony and tears—

A plea to Heaven to aid  
A land in ruin laid,  
A plea repeated o'er  
With emphasis of gore  
Of many thousands more  
Where Warsaw's reddened plains,  
That Freedom's ichor stains,  
And Cracow's crimsoned sod  
Still wail their plaints to God !  
Fair Wanda's mountain moans  
Responsive to the groans  
And Dnieper makes her cry,  
For Dniester to reply.  
And from the Don to San,  
Rebuking Russian ban,  
Blood red the waters gleam  
Of each Sarmatian stream !  
Whichever way it track,  
To Baltic or the Black,  
Sad, sad each river flows,  
A requiem of woes,  
From Poland to the seas  
That chant her miseries !

O ye who died to give  
To Poland right to live—  
A century of grief,  
With none to give relief !  
And worthy sons of sires  
Of Poland bound ! O fires  
Of hell, what flame can pay  
And burn the guilt away  
That clothes the Russian name  
With everlasting shame !

Stay, Angel of the Book  
Of Record, stay, and look !  
For this is far from all  
That flames of that fierce thrall  
Upon the single page  
That tells the Russian rage  
To Poland done, whose whole  
Of tyrant dirt and dole  
Hath hue of Herod's crime,  
And smells of Nero's time !  
Fair women sent to pine

And delve in noisome mine  
Where gladness cannot shine,  
Or sent with felon's chain  
To walk the weary plain  
Where mercy hath no rate,  
Where hunger hath no sate  
But cup and crust of hate !  
Or hath she darker fate,  
That is so worse than death  
It is not given breath !

Nor is this all; for there,  
Condemned to felon's fare,  
Do patriot children know  
Maturity of woe !  
O God ! where is the hell  
In which damned spirits dwell  
That is enough for this !  
For blotting out the bliss  
From childhood's heart of joy  
That never knew alloy  
Of ill, nor thought to stray  
In sin's forbidden way !

To keep the code of heaven,  
The patriots have forgiven,  
In hopes that kindness win  
Who seventy times should sin.  
Yet seven times that have striven  
These foes of man and Heaven,  
And by ten thousand times  
Have multiplied their crimes—  
With shrewdest cunning wrought,  
With mighty armies fought,  
To quench the patriot fires  
That God himself inspires  
In hearts that turn, O stars,  
To you, through prison bars,  
And wail to Heaven the cries  
Of Poland's agonies !

Endured, the Tartars laugh  
And like the Chaldean quaff,  
At high imperial feast  
To their full wishes drest,  
The nectar of their pride  
That long hath Heaven defied—

Potations proudly poured  
To mock the names adored  
By Poland and by man  
For leading Freedom's van !  
Wine drunk in Tartar hate,  
From vessels desecrate  
That came from temples where,  
In their devotion rare,  
The loving and the free  
Their feasts of liberty  
In Polish custom held,  
Far back in days of Eld !

But Heaven impatient grows,  
And, noting long the woes  
Of Poland and of all  
Within the Tartar's thrall,  
Will surely send a hand  
To write where Russian band,  
In revel o'er their wine,  
Shall read and know the sign  
Grim glistening on the wall,  
That tyranny must fall !



Aye, patience may endure,  
But wrath deferred is sure.  
And soon some one shall rise  
To hear and heed the cries  
Of victims of the czars !  
And then, O waiting stars,  
How will ye shout and sing  
And call the birds to wing  
In swiftest flight, to tell  
Wherever patriots dwell,  
Who 'twas in frozen hell  
Of far Siberian plains  
Broke off the bars and chains  
Of victims of the czars,  
And, witnessed by the stars,  
Declared the patriots free  
And worthy liberty,  
And Poland's flag unfurled  
To honor in the world !

## VISION AND PROPHECY.

ON Ural hills it came,  
A tongue of prophet flame,  
A burning thither sent  
From out the firmament  
Of justice, love and truth,  
And everlasting youth.  
And thus the fervid voice:  
“O tyrant, have thy choice,  
To turn to righteousness  
And teach thy hands to bless—  
Repent the despot’s crime,  
Worst tyranny of time,  
Or take the doom that falls  
Thereon—the mighty walls  
That Power uprears thrown down,  
The dimmed and wrested crown  
Of monarchs in defeat,  
With conscience to repeat  
To all the winds that fleet—  
‘The tyrant’s fate is meet!’”

Thus while the bright night heard  
Swift flew the warning word  
And sought by westward star  
The palace of the czar.  
There, round their festive board,  
His nobles and their lord  
Glowed o'er their ruddy wine,  
In toast of new design  
To make the exiles weep  
And keep the world asleep  
Anent the wrongs that steep  
The tyrant Tartar's name  
In infamy and shame.

But stay, why trembles he ?  
What vision doth he see ?  
No ghost in festive hall ;  
No hand upon the wall,  
To make his pleasures pall.  
No fiend his eyes detect ;  
No peasant to suspect.  
Tried ministers attend,  
Full foot and horse defend

The throne and citadel  
Where czar and kindred dwell,  
And cordoned round the land  
Grim guarding legions stand !  
Yet pales the czar with dread !  
He deems assassins tread,  
With blade athirst and blast,  
To drink his blood, and cast  
In atoms to the sky  
The halls of tyranny !

The voice from Ural hills  
Flamed forth hath gone in thrills  
Of swiftest breezes blown  
Along the northern zone,  
And many leagues afar  
In palace of the czar  
With trembling terror fills,  
To consternation chills  
The ruler of the land.  
And not invention planned  
To keep supreme at home  
His reign, if foes should come,—

And not ambitious schemes  
That give him pleasant dreams  
Of other lands to gain,  
Of widening domain  
To great increase of dower,  
To boundlessness of power —  
Not one of these, nor all,  
Can break the chilling thrall,  
And drive the fiends away  
That on his spirit prey !

And evermore shall cling  
Those fiends, and tear and sting,  
And for new vigor drink  
The ichor, black as ink,  
Of veins of tyranny  
That fed on liberty  
Through many, many years,  
Drank river floods of tears  
And jeered a thousand sneers  
At patriotic sighs  
Drawn by a czar's emprise !

After the burning spoke  
And round the echoes woke  
Responsive to the doom  
The flame announced to come,—  
Soft blazed the voice of truth,  
In tones of tender ruth  
Of love's sweet firmament,  
A message eastward sent  
By one appearing there  
From out the upper air,  
Who seemed to high emprise  
Commissioned by the skies.  
He wore that loveliness  
That doth high worth express  
In angel or in men  
Of angel mien and ken.

Away on zephyrs borne,  
He came at tinge of morn  
To bleak Siberian strand,  
The northern demonland.  
There imps abound in air  
Who give their constant care

That when the tyrants die  
Some sprite of ill shall fly  
To convoy them to hell,  
Reporting there how well  
They have performed the work  
The monarch of the murk  
Assigns, and thus how far  
They have obeyed the czar.

From spirit of the sky  
The imps affrighted fly.  
And well escaped his might,  
They pause them in their flight  
And hiss in powerless ire  
Their breath of spiteful fire,  
That freezes on the air.  
And now they backward fare,  
To see if stranger sprite  
Shall think him to alight.  
And soon he turns to fly,  
That bright one of the sky,  
His plumage to begrime,  
Down through the jagged rime

Of rock where guardsmen pace  
To keep the exile race.  
Deep where they delve in mines  
And sunshine never shines,  
He comes to drive the gloom  
That overhangs this tomb  
Of Russian liberty,  
This Bastile of the free !  
And this the word of cheer  
The toilers, listening, hear:  
"Good patience, still, ye braves  
Condemned to fate of slaves !  
Against Oppression's throne,  
The Mighty makes His own  
The cause of those who, long  
In suffering, still are strong."

Glad on his herald tongue  
The delvers hopeful hung.  
Yet scarce could angel's cheer  
Dispel an exile's fear.



Forth then the voice of flame.  
And soon a lovelier came,  
An angel with this word:  
“The message ye have heard  
Was told to me in heaven  
Whence all good gifts are given.  
So strange 'twas thought 'twould seem,  
So fanciful the dream,  
Another one was sent  
Attesting the intent  
Of powers above to bless  
With buoyance in duress  
And exodus from chains  
To Freedom's fair domains.”

The angel ceased and drew  
A stylus forth of hue  
Of the cerulean blue  
And ruby stone and white,  
And straight began to write  
Upon the prison mine  
With deep cut lustrous sign.

No words the delving said,  
But breathless watched and read,  
And forth the angel fled.

Came then a third, to say,  
"Toilers, ye have seen to-day  
Two of the seven prized most  
Of the selectest host  
Of all the armies bright  
Bannered in realms of light.  
Aflame with brightest star,  
That host ten thousand are,  
With place of honor given  
The thousand best of heaven,  
They who the most have blessed,  
As heaven's accounts attest,  
The sorrowing ones of earth,  
And honored most true worth.  
And those a hundred best  
Have placed before the rest,  
The hundred giving seven  
Most pleasing unto Heaven

The highest, foremost place  
Of all the angel race.

“And of this number, one  
Is Uriel of the sun;  
And Raphael gracious is  
And given to ministries,  
And most sublimities  
Hath missioned been to see,  
And most of misery.  
The first your boon to tell  
Was flaming Uriel,  
And Raphael who came  
To witness Uriel's flame  
And cheer with face benign  
The delvers in this mine.

“Led Israfil the throng  
In that first Christmas song  
That told the waiting earth  
Of a Redeemer's birth.  
And he and all the seven  
From out the weeping heaven

Flown sad, in sympathy  
And wondering tears, to see  
The dread sublimity  
Of rugged Calvary,  
Stayed sentinels and kept  
The tomb where Jesus slept—  
The loveliest of the sky,  
Who gave Himself to die.  
And their rejoicing eyes  
Beheld the Saviour rise  
And saw the earliest ray  
That tinged an Easter day.

“Not oft do mortals see  
In quick succession three  
Celestial ones, as ye  
This day have seen and heard  
In glad prophetic word.  
Yet men this truth may know,  
That for each want and woe  
Some angel waits above  
Commissioned by the Love  
Supreme, to fly and prove

With blessings from the skies  
That He is kind and wise  
And doth permit the stress,  
To give Him chance to bless  
And those who suffer, place  
To struggle into grace  
Of goodness and the dower  
Of perfectness of power.  
Whoso behaveth right  
Whatever be his plight ,  
Whoever thinketh bright,  
Important, happy thing  
To say, or paint, or sing,  
Hath influence from the sky,  
And voice to ask him try  
Unto the highest, best  
One may and should, thus blessed,  
To make both fine and strong  
The word, the tint, the song.  
Who heedeth first, hath more  
Of the celestial store  
That gives uplift from trite  
To new, from slough to height,

From weakness unto might,  
From dryness, deadness, blight,  
To bud and leaf and bloom  
That hint of Junes to come.  
O gracious boundlessness  
Of Heaven's power to bless !

“ Keep sweet, O patriots, ye  
In this hard slavery.  
And some day ye shall see  
The tyrant bend the knee  
To ask for leave to fly,  
By conscience scourged, to die  
Beneath this bitter sky !  
Here, where the clank of chains  
Doth fright Siberian plains  
To barrenness and dearth  
Unknown elsewhere on earth—  
Here, where such blight has blown  
Forever from the zone  
Of doubt, that all the air  
Is dense with chill despair ! ”

Seen or invisible,  
As seemeth to them well,  
The spirits come to tell  
The words of wrath or love  
That emanate above.  
And though alert to sounds  
And sights that vex their rounds,  
The guardsmen of the mines,  
Sworn to the czar's designs,  
Saw not those whose emprise  
Was threatening from the skies,  
Though came they bright as stars  
To speak the doom of czars.  
But read the guards in mine  
The deeply-written sign,  
And sent a message far  
To citadel of czar.  
And he to frenzy flew  
And worse each moment grew.  
Imperial mandate given,  
The royal guards had striven  
The writing to erase.  
But none could yet efface

Indictment graven there  
By one of upper air.  
And livid in that mine  
Fierce glistened still each line :

*“ For Poland’s cup of gall  
The Russian throne must fall,  
Unless the czars repent  
Before the firmament  
And prove sincere intent  
To eying stars, that see  
What is sincerity  
And will no fleeting mood  
Of tears for years of blood.  
They ask contrition due  
And that, to honor true,  
The tyrants right the wrong  
Their hate hath done so long,  
And do the people’s choice,  
And make their hearts rejoice,  
And make the throne their voice ! ”*

The czar a chemist sent,  
Who with fierce caustics went,



To eat the message out  
That so had put to rout  
The pleasure of the czar,  
And toiled from dawn to star  
With fiery rust and bar.

Homeward a horseman flew,  
And this the message true :  
“ No science can begin,  
Nor skill, the race to win—  
The words are burning in ! ”  
Some straying peasant heard  
The courier's fateful word  
Reported to the lord  
Chief courtier of the king.  
And all the people sing,  
And children join the din,  
“ *The words are burning in !* ”

Again the man with bar  
And blast to please the czar,  
And tear the message out,  
Of which the people shout.

And with his mission o'er,  
Reports he as before :  
“A span, a foot, a rod—  
Swift science doth but plod.  
The words do inward fly  
As missioned from the sky ! ”

In rage the monarch flew,  
The alchemist he slew,  
And sent another still,  
With threat to chain and kill  
Did he not burn or tear  
That message of despair.  
And with him fared a guard  
That no one should retard,  
Nor scientist should flee  
If unsuccessful he.  
Returned, he trembling said,  
As forth the guardsmen led  
Him, strongly held and bound,  
To slay if faithless found :  
“A foot, an ell, a rod—  
The message writ of God

About a nation's sin  
Is further burning in ! ”

The guardsmen aim to fire !  
The monarch cries, “ Retire  
With him in heavy chains  
To wildest northern plains !  
The recreant's mocking breath  
Must not the ease of death ! ”

Fruitless the despot's plan  
Of banishing the man,  
Borne by the ready airs,  
That message onward fares  
Through scenes of joy and dearth  
Around the peopled earth !  
Hills tell it unto fen,  
The wilds to homes of men,  
The mountain to the moor,  
The robin at the door  
Of cottage and of hall—  
That broken soon the thrall  
Of Russian slaves will be,

And joy of Liberty !  
And chant the brooks and birds,  
“ The angel-written words  
About a nation's sin  
Are ever burning in ! ”

And other birds are singing  
In every morn of winging,  
In every noon of flying  
For food for birdlings crying,  
And eve of homeward hieing  
To nest, and rest, and love,  
A message from above  
Befitting lark or dove  
To sing in all the earth ;  
“ Man's greatest wealth, his worth,  
His unearned plenty, dearth ;  
His best of liberty,  
Deserving to be free.”

Still other birds that fly  
And sing, they know not why,  
Thus cheer, inspire and warn

At eve and happy morn :  
“ Whatever first success,  
What flatterers address,  
How fondly love caress,  
How praiseth selfishness  
That hopes returns to bless,  
Whatever is the stress  
Of noyance that doth press,  
War waged for wrong is wrong,  
And weak and never strong.  
And weak is war for might ;  
But ever finds true knight  
All powerful war for right;  
For God is in the fight !  
Though right should lose the fray,  
And victory delay,  
Yet surely comes the day  
Of victory to stay,  
And show that right hath might,  
For God is in the fight ! ”

## A WARNING TO COLUMBIA.

BUT briefly where it sung  
The sentient glowing hung.  
Then over seas it came,  
The fearless warning flame,  
And o'er Potomac's tide  
In indignation cried,  
As, eying halls of state,  
Mid-air the burning sate,  
Self-poised in conscious truth  
And sense of lasting youth :  
“ For shame, Columbia, shame !  
Bedimming thy bright name  
By leaguings with the power  
That claims by heavenly dower  
Each individual soul  
Of lands in his control,  
With right to dominate,  
Unto severest fate  
Those bending not the knee  
At nod of tyranny !

“ Why dost thou promise, why,  
That when to thee shall fly  
Those fortunate to break  
Their bondage and to take  
Across the seas their way,  
West guided by the ray  
Of freedom, to thy land,  
They shall be held for hand  
Of czar, whose wrath they flee  
To fly in hope to thee ?  
These sent to despot back,  
To dungeon and to rack,  
For holding but the thought  
That ill the tyrant wrought  
In Russian robber rout  
That blotted nations out !  
In league, Columbia, why,  
With Russian tyranny ? ”

In silence, then, the flame,  
To hear if answer came  
From out Columbian hall.  
And, saying “ Deaf to all

And to thy past untrue,"  
 The lustre, sighing, flew  
 To welcome of the blue,  
 That bent, sad questioning,  
 And bade the birds to sing,  
 And brooks.—"Columbia, why  
 In league with tyranny?"

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"O PATRIOTS, PURE AND STRONG."

O PATRIOTS, pure and strong,  
 And waiting now so long  
 Surcease of this hard fate,  
 Wait on, for God doth wait !  
 For Christ, when in the fate  
 O'er which all nature wept  
 And Heaven sad vigils kept,  
 His slayers could forgive,  
 And died that they might live.



He shed in death the tears  
That permeate the years  
And ever plead with man  
The beauty of the plan  
Of giving bread for blows,  
For thorn the thornless rose  
Of love that sweeter grows  
Through trials oft and sore—  
That, wounded o'er and o'er,  
Doth from its fragrant store  
The balm of good disburse,  
And blessing breathe for curse.

God's greatest name is Love;  
His carrier bird, the dove.  
Yet His the eagle is,  
And all the majesties  
Of all the life of earth,  
Since far creation's birth !  
He gave the tiger power,  
Leviathan his dower,  
To lash the seas to rage  
And mighty ships engage.

He taught the earth to quake,  
And made the mountains shake.  
'Twas He created light  
And piled the Alpine height.  
He set the rhythmic spheres  
To cadence of the years  
Of the eternity  
He gave the right to be !  
His Christ of Olivet  
And Galilee used yet  
A scourge ; His Moses saw  
The lightnings of the law  
From Sinai blaze, to tell  
That with Jehovah dwell  
All powers, and it is well  
With those alone who fear  
Him, and in truth sincere,  
Hold all His statutes dear,  
Who live for righteousness,  
And never to oppress.  
And He, if stubborn prove  
The czars to pleas of love,  
Will thunder in His wrath

And plow with war a path  
Through tyranny's domains  
And break the exile's chains,  
And lead each patriot band  
To home and native land.

Fail not, protesting rhyme  
Against the Russian crime,  
Fail not his worth to sing,  
Who, once in Russia king,  
Had righted much of wrong,  
Had not the furious throng  
Smote Alexander down  
And set the Russian crown  
Against the Polish cause  
Of Liberty's good laws.  
But Polish patriots see  
A crime in anarchy.  
No vengeance on their foes  
Would they ; but thornless rose  
And white, and every flower  
Of Peace for those whose power  
Hath been so long the ban

Of Russia and of man !  
Unselfish in their grief,  
These patriots seek relief  
For all who feel  
The tyrant's iron heel.  
To people of the realm  
They seek to give the helm  
Of Russian power,  
As rightful dower.  
Nor charge they the rod  
Of tyranny to God.  
And spurn they the extremes  
Of the ill-visioned dreams  
Of those anarchic fools  
Whom wild unwisdom rules,  
They of that base alloy  
Which nerves men to destroy,—  
Gives them the greed to kill  
And scent for blood to spill.

## A PILGRIMAGE OF CZARS.

WILL tyrants turn, who make  
Their chief delight to break  
The patriotic heart,  
And name their crime an art !  
Yet grant imagination scope,  
And patience chance to hope  
That czars be won to sense  
Of need of penitence,  
Or scourged until they see  
How wrong the cruelty  
That gives to Poland tears,  
And damns a thousand years !

Should miracle be done  
The greatest under sun,  
The visioned stars have seen,  
And czars repentance mean—  
Go, czars, by conscience sent,  
Go honored to repent,  
Go with your burden bent,

Go any way ye must,  
Go, if through thorns and dust ;  
Go, if with heavy chains  
Like exiles o'er the plains !  
Go, grateful that you may :  
Go seek fit place to pray,  
Go where the zephyrs say  
That sigh from heaven's way !  
Go, foes of liberty,  
And fall on suppliant knee  
Where dust of Kracut is  
'Mid Cracow's mysteries,  
The first of Polish kings  
The muse of History sings,  
The Slavic chief of time  
Ere czars had cursed his clime.  
There, pleading not the claim  
Of royalty or fame,  
But only His good name  
Who gave the one relief  
That owned himself a thief—  
There tell the skies your sin,  
Aware as ye begin

That Christ, the ever kind,  
With justice mild, consigned  
To millstone and the sea  
The unwept tyranny  
Of Pharisees of old,  
To whom ye likeness hold.  
Kneel then in Cracow, where  
The soul of Wanda fair  
Doth frequent still the air  
Above the hill that claims  
Sweetest of Polish names.  
And ask you there of Heaven  
If czars can be forgiven !

---

BY KOSCIUSKO'S DUST.

THEN, with this pleading done,  
If beams benignant sun,  
Or if for you there shine  
A ray of star benign;  
Then seek another grave,

His place whom Heaven gave  
To show to czars and earth  
A Polish patriot's worth,  
And sent to aid, in youth,  
Columbia's cause of truth.  
By Kosciusko's rest  
Your prayers addressed  
The Heaven of Liberty,  
Ye may forgiven be  
Of Heaven and of the free.  
There hear from far the cry  
Of those who hope, or try  
To hope, before they die  
To see once more the home  
From whence dear memories come.  
O ! memories that burn  
And into torments turn !  
And still the patriots yearn  
For once to grasp the hand  
Of kindred in the land  
Of Kosciusko's birth,  
The dearest land of earth !



O, cruel tyranny !  
That freemen may not see  
For once the boyhood farm,  
Sweet with the pet brook's charm ;  
For once the childhood cot,  
For once the play-place grot,  
For once the daisied mead,  
For once two paths to lead,  
As once, to trysting place  
Of bravery and of grace !  
For once the grassy mound  
That love's fair roses crowned !  
There Linka's ashes lie,  
Who had the choice to die  
Or tell the tyrant's spy,  
When by His Highness bid,  
Of patriot Pavel hid !  
And there's the outlook hill,  
And there the near-by rill,  
And there the other stream,  
Whose unforgotten gleam  
Inspired the boyhood dream  
Of busy, stirring life,

Of joy in hardest strife,  
Of earning high success,  
Of coming home to bless,  
With nobly won largess,  
The village where in joy  
Erstwhile dwelt the boy !

Instead, condemned to pine  
Imprisoned in a mine,  
For that high quality  
That fits men to be free.

Where Kosciusko lies,  
Best of the sanctities  
Of the Sarmatian land,  
There, tyrants, stand,  
There, tyrants, kneel,  
And well the honor feel !  
There, ye who give a slave  
The right to choose his grave,  
The felon, who atones,  
With hempen halter, groans  
He caused, the right to say

Where ye his bones shall lay—  
There, by Kosciusko's dust,  
Be honest, once, and just !  
There talk repentant czars,  
With conscience and the stars !  
Tell stars and conscience why  
In vain do freemen cry  
To you for boon of serf,  
For one green stretch of turf,  
Where, from foreign strand  
Sent back to native land—  
Where, if not given breath  
At home, they may at death  
Be sent to final rest,  
To slumber unoppressed !

Cannot endure the stars ?  
Why, there's a place, ye czars,  
Where stars do never shine,  
And whence no royal line  
Or peasant cometh back  
By straight or devious track—  
But onward still must fare

Whoever goeth there !  
And there's another, too,  
Where stars are never due,  
But lurid lightnings glare,  
And demons rule the air ;  
And hither none shall fare  
That ever enter there !  
And there's another still  
Of flowery plain and hill  
Of Sion, blest abode  
Of angels and of God !  
And of the saints who rise  
From earth's hard agonies  
To freedom of the skies !

There song of streams that flow  
Attuned to airs that blow  
With spicy odors blessed,  
The very rhythm of rest,  
To souls that need repose,  
And stimulus to those  
Who, calmed and strong, aspire  
Unto tumultuous lyre.

And theirs a theme to fill  
The heavens with joy, until  
Enraptured o'er the song,  
The very groves prolong  
The joy and join to sing,  
With birds of every wing.  
But, untransformed by grace  
To fitness for the place,  
In heaven no tyrants live ;  
For heavenly blisses give  
Such influence that 'twere hell  
For tyrants there to dwell.

---

## WARNINGS FROM ELDER DAYS.

THINK not, unthinking czars,  
To contradict the stars !  
For they have lived to see  
Too much of history  
To deign to a reply  
When even Russians lie !

Boast not your hosts in arms,  
That give the world alarms.  
For steel-clad giants are  
But pigmies to a star.  
Stars laugh at all your power  
And point to Shinar's tower,  
That was, and Babylon  
That boasted to the sun  
Of her Chaldean might,  
And held the world in fright,  
And perished in a night !  
And but her ruins tell  
Of Babylon that fell !

And point the stars, to king  
Of whom but furies sing,  
The Herod throned of yore,  
But cursed forevermore  
In street and cloister lore.

From scanning these  
Look back to Rameses,  
Whom and whose like gave tears

For twice two hundred years  
To chosen sons of God.  
And these condemned to plod,  
Scourged by oppression's rod  
That grew by gore,  
These through their bondage sore  
Upon God's promise fed,  
Till, brave enough, they fled,  
By visioned shepherd led.

And now the sea before  
Withholds from freedom's shore,  
And prisoning mountains stand  
To hold for Pharaoh's hand !  
But look ! the flood divides,  
Heaven holds apart the tides !  
The fugitives pass through !  
Menephtah's hosts pursue ;  
But fierce returning waves  
Whelm in their watery graves  
Ruler, horsemen, all—  
A wreck that hints the fall  
Of the Egyptian throne,

O'er which in warning moan  
The ages sweep, to say  
That tyrants pass away !

Man's title to be free  
Is writ in history,  
And finds, to prove it, given  
The very truth of Heaven.  
And, sweet as favoring word  
By wooing Honor heard,  
The song of brook and bird  
And Zephyr's minstrelsy  
Are music of the free.  
So everything decries  
The despot's tyrannies.  
In waking life of spring,  
When glad the robins sing ;  
In the persuasive breath  
Of June from flowery heath ;  
In airs that sweeten shade  
Of pleasant wooded glade  
And move the fairy ferns  
To dance by merry burns ;



In storms around the peaks  
Where fierce the thunder speaks ;  
In chill November's gale  
That sweeps the frosted vale ;  
In Ocean's sullen roar  
On Winter's icy shore—  
In all her ministries,  
The voice of nature is  
Rebuke of tyrannies.

In tender tones and mild,  
As plaintive voice of child,  
In clarion peal, and strong  
As burst of lyric song;  
Commanding, deep and slow  
As centuries that flow  
Through history  
Toward eternity—  
The olden warning word  
Repeated, now is heard  
In all the upward trend  
To Consummation's end ;  
The word in every wind,

The word in every mind,  
But yours, audacious czars,  
Who contradict the stars—  
“Let ye my people go !  
Let ye the exiles go !”









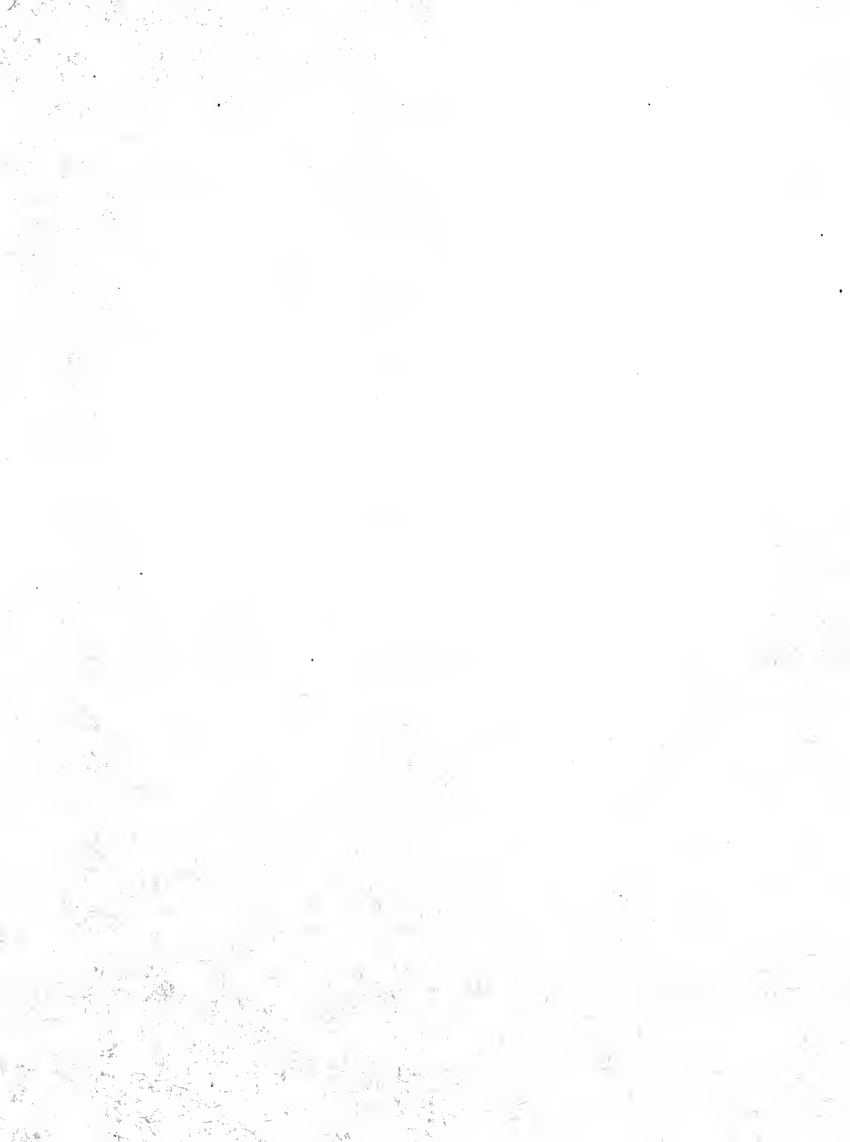












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